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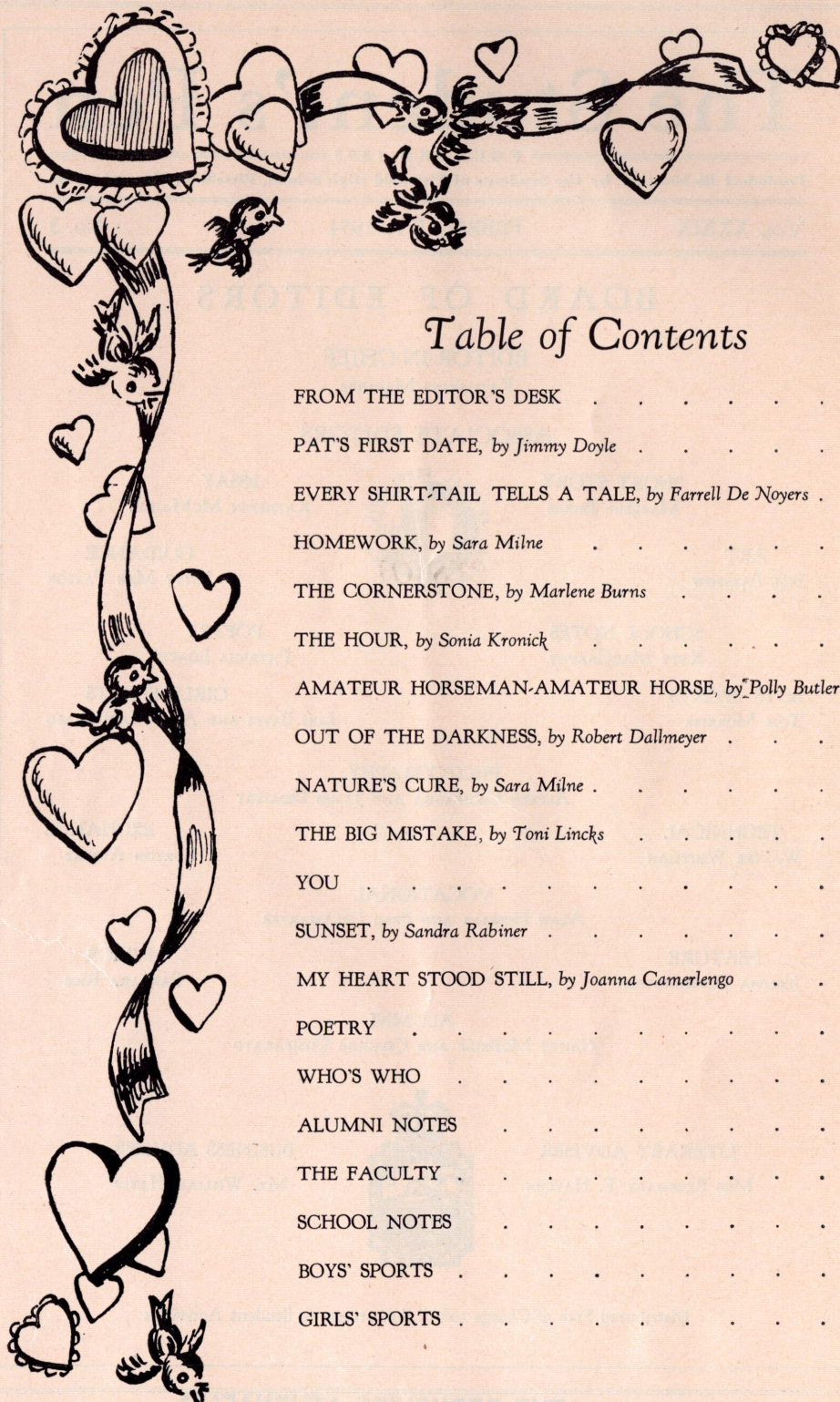


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From the

EDITOR'S DESK

The Dangers of Mob Rule

By Katharine Maguire, '54

WE, as human beings, tend to be demonstrative in our expressions of our curiosity and enthusiasm. We dash toward the sound of a fire engine, curiosity aroused, intent upon discovering its destination. The shrieking of an ambulance siren draws us to the scene of an accident. We indulge in the mad hassle at the opening of bargain sales. We join the thronging crowds on hand to witness holiday parades. Obviously, then, we are essentially gregarious; little encouragement is required to call us forth in numbers.

These examples of mob scenes are commonplace, those with which we are accustomed to deal in our every-day life. And their effects are normally harmless. Yet the pages of American history reveal the accounts of mob violence, which has defied our American belief in the right of an individual to protection for himself and his property against physical assault by unlawful authority. The disgraceful outcome of such violence has been the arbitrary destruction of persons and property. Public lynchings of persons of notoriety are a shocking disgrace to our democratic ideal

of the right of every individual to a trial before an impartial jury.

As a group, students of high schools and colleges today are guilty of resorting to similar actions in order to obtain what appears to them to be important. To be specific, they are known to exhibit an undue spirit of rivalry, enthusiasm, and excitement over athletic contests. In fact, this is carried to such an extent that rivalry outside of the actual athletic competition becomes paramount.

The rash activities of the students have been the concern of parents and educators alike. Their complete disregard for conventional standards of conduct has aroused considerable comment. Although one may rationalize their actions as the products of thoughtlessness rather than of malice, there can be but one significant conclusion drawn from the results of mob action: that, regardless of initial direction, unruly crowds are too easily swayed by the few, to hasty and unwise decisions. They are characterized by a display of a complete lack of reasoning by participants, who realize too late that they

Continued on Page 24

Pat's First Date

By Jimmy Doyle, '54



THIS essay concerns a boy about to run one of the gauntlets of growing up—the first date. The story begins in a junior high classroom. The time is drawing near for the Annual Basketball Dance for seventh-graders (our hero's first skirmish in the war between the sexes). There has been a sense of comradeship among the fellows for the past few weeks, for they have all realized that the most dreadful part lies ahead—asking the girl.

Now let's meet our hero, Pat O'Riley, a boy who was born with a shamrock instead of a silver spoon in his mouth. Pat right now is about "to get his" as he approaches the little blonde with the pony tail who had recently been caught passing notes. (He liked the notorious type!) The world is all suddenly a blur to our boy Pat as he wends his way through the talking students and calls out her name—Eileen! It seems to Pat that every face in the room is turned to watch as he springs the terrible question, (one that will lead to a lot of sadness in his life). There is a moment of terrible silence as an expression of indecision appears on Eileen's face. (This girl has already learned how to dominate the man). Suddenly a pretty smile appears on her

face and she says in a honey-laden voice, "Why, Pat, I'd love to go with you!" (Watch yourself, lad!) As Eileen, flashing a sweet smile at Pat, walks toward her friends (undoubtedly to brag that she has conquered one more), the world to Pat seems bright and gay. The boys crowd around him, kidding and congratulating him and all thinking, "If Pat can do it, so can I."

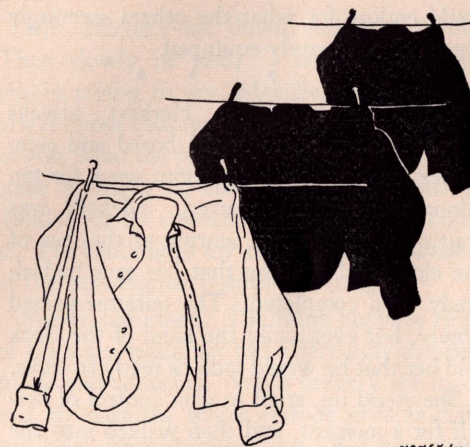
The days pass quickly, too quickly for Pat; and the night of the dance soon arrives. Pat's father has been "drafted" to act as chauffeur. The car seems to fly over the short distance to Eileen's house and before Pat can whistle "McNamara's Band," he's at her house. Pat slowly gets out of the car and goes up the walk. Thoughts whirl through his mind as he climbs the porch steps. "Maybe if I call out her name, she'll come out and I won't have to go in and meet her old man and old lady," Pat thinks. This plan is smashed by our "villainess," who appears in the doorway, ravishing in her blue party dress. As he is ushered in, Pat thinks, "Maybe the folks stepped out and I won't have to meet them."

Eileen's sweet voice cuts through Pat's thoughts as she says, "Mom and Pop have invited all of our relatives up to see me off on my first date." Words cannot describe the following moments for our boy, Pat, so I shall leave it up to the reader's imagination.

The evening flies by, strangely enough, and it appears that Pat has fallen victim to Cupid's shillelagh. The dance ends and Pat's chauffeur drives the couple back to her house for the final parting. (Here our poor Pat is dealt a final blow!) As he stands on the porch looking down into Eileen's face, Pat, overcome mentally by the hard day, loses his head and kisses her. (Oh well, Irishmen fight to the last!) Pat's sunk by now and from this day forward he will be affected by that eternal curse—women. Oh, for the days of Youth!

Every Shirt-Tail Tells a Tale

By Farrell DeNoyers, '54



In conclusion, if one wishes to escape criticism, there are a few must-nots in clothes hanging. Towels surreptitiously collected at each hotel a man visits will clearly proclaim that he is a pilferer. Socks with openings at each end suggest that he is neglected; costly haberdashery, inconsistent with his position, makes him look self-centered; while too shabby garments make him an object of pity. These must be concealed. *Dry them indoors.*

HOMEWORK

By Sara Milne, '55

You cannot leave it; it must be done, But "doing it" certainly isn't fun. When the teacher assigns it, you don't mind much, But when you start to do it, your opinion isn't such. When do you do it? I'll make a pass— You start your French homework in algebra class. And when you get to English, you realize there's a test,— A test in chemistry,—so English gets a rest. Then comes study hall; you'll surely do it now, But before you can get started, the buzzer sounds! Wow! So with all good intentions and a resolution true, You lug the books home—bound you'll get through! But you hadn't counted on the basketball game. "I'll do the work later," you exclaim. And arriving home you're so tired out That you'll do it in the morning without a doubt. Ah, sweet morning—but were there more time Between eight-thirty and five of nine!

THE three methods of spreading information, as told in the old joke, are: telephone, telegraph, and tell a woman. But there is a fourth method of expose, and news gleaned, which keeps the neighborhood informed. The most uncommunicative family on a street has its secrets laid bare when the woman of the house hangs out the family wash. It is rather disconcerting to know that our personal habits of cleanliness or laxity in this matter are exposed for all to see. However, it might be a spur in the right direction, if a family would realize that the wash waving in the breeze could well be banners proclaiming the household's perfections.

But apart from the habits of the family, much else is revealed. The fine damask cloth proclaims a dinner party, and two extra sheets mean company. And if, with these sheets, we see an old fashioned nightshirt and flannel gown, the fact that Great Uncle Fred and his spouse are the extra guests is further known.

It is almost impossible to even nurse or ward-off a cold in secret, for extra handkerchiefs or the comforting longies, which even the bravest tries to hide, tell their story to all who care to see them.

The Cornerstone

By Marlene Burns, '55

"... But who will do it?" asked the president of the club, staring directly at Mekelle.

She fidgeted nervously in her chair; and glancing around at the anxious faces of the others in the room, opened her mouth to speak. "I'll do it," she said simply. Then she relaxed as she watched the cloud of tension that had hung so ominously over the group slowly rise and disappear.

In a few minutes the meeting was adjourned. Mekelle slowly walked to the lounge, pondering on what had again made her assume a responsibility that everyone else shirked so nonchalantly.

It was really a simple task, but one that required great tact and finesse. The problem of an advisor had long been one of major concern to the members of the club.

Mr. Herbert was a truly fine man in every sense. Everyone in the small community admired him greatly. However, as far as the quality of his services in an advisory capacity was concerned, it was just not up to the standard needed by a club striving to regain success. Mr. Herbert had been an ornament of the club for the past year, and now it was time for him to be told the simple truth: the organization was no longer a complete success; and to bring it back to its original status, a firmer guiding hand would be needed.

Since she had become a member of the club, the others had realized and taken advantage of her outstanding executive ability. She had been made chairman of various committees and assistant editor of the club paper. She had secretly enjoyed doing the work, and supposed that was why she played so willingly into the hands of the other members.

But this, this was a job whose scope would measure her own personal courage and the truth of her arguments. It was a test which she had to take to prove to herself that she

could endure for what the others seemingly were not adequately equipped.

* * * *

On Thursday Mr. Herbert always checked the minutes of the board and committee meetings of the previous week for ten minutes and then departed. Mekelle was waiting in the lounge, staring at the face of the clock and wishing that her task had already been completed. The minutes passed slowly, but eventually the hand of the clock told her that he would soon be ready to leave.

She stood up, tried to gain control of herself for a moment, and then walked into the office.

Mr. Herbert was just putting away the papers. She watched him slip them back into the folder. As she stood leaning against the doorway, she consciously tried to rid herself of the feeling that she had a mission to accomplish for the sake of the club. She did not want self-pity; she only longed for self-confidence.

The little man smiled quietly at her and bade her enter. She sat down in one of the hard office chairs and tried to begin an innocent conversation.

"Mr. Herbert, is everything in order as far as this week's minutes are concerned?" she asked, trying to sound completely indifferent.

"They are better this week than they were before, but they still need considerable improvement," said the short, slight man, who unknowingly showed Mekelle the path to follow.

"I suppose they're just a reflection of the club as a whole. What I mean to say is, they're what is to be expected, don't you think?"

"I suppose so. If you and some of the other industrious members could arouse more interest, however, I think you'd find your whole program improving," he replied weakly.

The Hour

By Sonia Kronick, '55

ONE hour. How many things may happen in this short space of time? People are born; they die. A great event might occur to alter our way of life. War may be begun; it may be climaxed. A new invention might be discovered to advance the progress of mankind. A deadly weapon may appear that will endanger our lives. One hour has infinite possibilities.

How are you spending this hour? These precious sixty minutes are yours to do with as you please, for no one can take them from you. No one can dictate to you how to use them. They are yours alone.

At the beginning of the hour you have two possible paths to follow. One leads toward happiness, opportunity, success, peace. The other leads toward sadness, hate, distrust, greed. Which path will you follow? It is for you to decide. As the clock ticks off the precious minutes there is no way of bringing them back. They are lost forever.

This hour, spent in an advantageous manner, might be comparable to visiting a beautiful garden. At the entrance, having chosen the path you will follow, you advance into the beautiful place. You see many wonderful things and learn much. But you can not linger here. A powerful force seems to be pulling you onward. As you approach the final portion of the garden you pause for one last glance. Perhaps you try to retrace your steps, but there is no return. Your moments here can never be recaptured; although they are gone the wonderful memories of your visit may remain with you forever. As you leave the garden, you realize that you can never return.

So it is with time. You alone govern the manner of its passage. Spend each moment wisely, for once the precious minutes are lost they can never be recaptured.

"It really isn't just the program, Mr. Herbert. It's the administration. We have been trying our best, but there is one link missing in the chain of success."

Mr. Herbert sat down and was silent. Then slowly he said, "I know just what you're trying to say, Mekelle, and I admire you for your courage and tact. I know, as well as you, what the problem is; and after gaining some strength of character, I have finally decided to do something constructive about it. I'm handing in my resignation as advisor at the next regular business meeting."

She was stunned. The frank hopeless ring of his voice made her feel alternately sympathetic and admiring. What bravery the man had, to make the whole episode seem as if it had been completely his idea. But yet what a blow to his ego it must have been to resort to such deception in order to save himself and the club from undue embarrassment.

There was nothing she could say except, "Mr. Herbert, knowing you has been a fine experience."

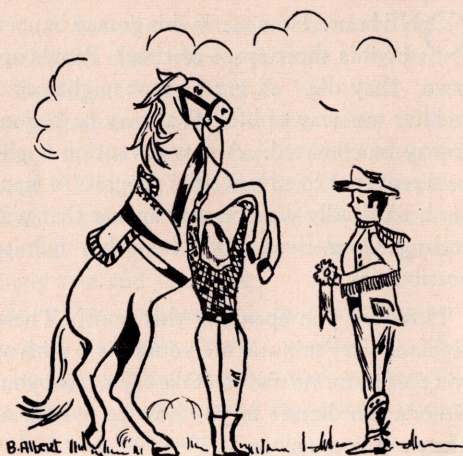
He nodded; and then she left, before the awkward silence that loomed above them settled like a black cloud of despond.

The building seemed strangely still. She went to the cloak room and slowly put on her coat. As she walked out of the building, she felt something magnificent swell up in her. She realized now that she would have no difficulties or scruples when it came to answering a call of duty, no matter in what form it might appear. Mr. Herbert had shown her such a shining example of tact, courage, and candid simplicity that she could not now stand by and watch something go undone when she could very well do the job.

As she walked down the driveway, she did not see Mr. Herbert standing by the window, smiling to himself. She walked slowly out of sight, and Mr. Herbert said softly to himself, "I was given the power to make someone else better as I found strength for myself. For this I am humbly thankful."

Amateur Horseman-Amateur Horse

By Polly Butler, '55



I REMEMBER it was a clear but cool day in the month of August. I know that I shall never forget that day as long as I live and I can vouch that my little Morgan colt would agree if he could talk.

I have had experience in horse shows for several years; but this was Rusty's first horse show, and it was important to him and to me. It would influence Rusty either to like or dislike horse shows. As for me, well, I was just hoping I would get through the day without too much trouble.

Rusty seemed to like the horses from the start. From the moment he entered the ring until the moment he made his exit, Rusty seemed to be finding out the life histories of all the horses in his class. First, he nickered and then let out a little squeal.

Our first command was to walk our horses. That was fine with Rusty until he noticed that the horse that had been behind him was slowly but surely moving ahead. I could see that Rusty wanted to walk abreast with the horse in front of him, but that is not allowed, as exhibitors well know. Rusty wanted to be an exception to the rule, as usual. With a shaky voice, through clenched teeth, a steady

hand, and a swift heel, I managed to bring my surprised mount behind his friend—too near behind, at that, for the next instant he had a mouthful of his friend's tail. He looked exactly as if he had a bushy mustache just like Al Capp's "Shmoos". I couldn't think of any way to remove the tail from his mouth. It was causing a bit of laughter among the younger spectators who took it as quite a joke. Rusty did not mind the attention one bit; he just kept walking as pretty as you please. I was trying to act as if nothing unusual was taking place.

Rusty still was not satisfied with just plodding along. He saw a stylish three-gaited mare come up beside him and before I could do anything about it, Rusty had one of the mare's reins between his pearly-white teeth. I guess he thought that he was not going to let that horse go by him like all of the others. Try as I would, I could not make Rusty let go of the rein. Fortunately, the girl riding that horse was a friend of mine. (I hope she still is.) She jerked her rein in desperation and Rusty unwillingly gave up his prized possession.

I will never know how I ever managed to get through that class. Then the winners were announced: "Rusty, ridden by Miss Butler from Richmond, third place . . ." Rusty was not interested at all in receiving his ribbon, but I managed to bring him forward to the judge. He did the thing I least expected. The judge walked toward us with Rusty's ribbon. The minute the judge went to pin it on Rusty's bridle, Rusty decided it was time for some fireworks. He reared, and reared and reared some more; until the judge handed the ribbon to me. Once more Rusty was himself. He proudly arched his neck and trotted to the exit of the ring. He glanced at the spectators as if to say, "I guess I showed that judge a thing or two!"

Out of the Darkness

By Robert Dallmeyer, '55

IT's winter again," thought Johnny Johnson as he sat by the fireplace in the living room of his parents' old house in Braxton. The cold February day recalled to his mind the day on Pork Chop Hill when the bullet had struck him in the head, causing almost unbearable pain. He remembered awakening in a North Korean prison camp, only to discover that he was blind. The doctors in Japan, after trying all of their tests, announced that there was but a slim chance that someday a severe shock would restore his sight. In the hospital, he remembered, he used to dream of the day when he would be home again to enjoy skiing. He had even dared to hope that Gerry would marry him. Now neither was possible.

Feeling sleepy and alone his parents had gone to the Briggs' house to play bridge—he went upstairs to bed. He was sleeping peacefully when he was suddenly awakened by the smell of smoke coming from downstairs. Immediately he realized that he was alone in the burning house. He must remain calm and try to get downstairs to the phone.

In the hall, the smoke was much denser, making it hard for him to breathe. He tied his handkerchief about his face; slowly he groped his way to the stairs. Finally he was at the bottom. But in which direction was the phone? He shouted for help. Then he remembers the front door, but he had lost all sense of direction. He groped for the desk, but he tripped on a rug and went sprawling on the floor. He picked himself up and tried again. His second attempt was successful. Immediately he turned to the left and followed the wall. He knew that the fire was rapidly spreading because the wall was very hot. When he reached the door, he found that it was locked.

He knew that he couldn't get to the phone, but if he could only see, he would be able to go to the kitchen and climb out of a window.

He started to run, but he again fell on the floor. Suddenly he saw a faint flash of light. Quickly he stood up and ripped the bandages from his face, and to his amazement he could see.

He immediately saw his danger, as the fire was spreading quickly throughout the hall. He ran to the kitchen, unlocked the pantry window, climbed onto the sill, and jumped out.

The next thing he remembered was that he was at Gerry's house. The doctor said that his effort to save himself from the fire had induced the shock which had finally restored his sight. There was now a chance that he would completely recover.

Now, he could ask Gerry that very important question, and what better time was there than February 14?

NATURE'S CURE

By Sara Milne, '55

My steps were buoyant, gay, and light
As I walked in the clear cold air of the night.
The stars twinkled brightly in the cloudless sky,
And the wind through the trees made the branches sigh.

My troubles all left me; my mind was free,
And I drank in the air as one drowning at sea.
The snow creaked loudly beneath my feet,
And a near-by church bell pealed loud and sweet.

The light the streetlights cast on the snow
Gave each flake the spark of a diamond's glow.
They seemed to reflect the stars in the sky,
And each winked at me as I walked by.

If you are worried by trouble and care,
Just take a walk in the winter air.
It refreshes your spirit, clears your mind,
And prepares you for tasks of any kind.

The Big Mistake

By Toni Lincks, '56

OF all the luck this is the worst!" moaned Bill who was sprawled out in the big chair by the window. "All the fun we've planned for this winter's vacation is going to be ruined."

"Well, it's not your fault that your mother's second cousin's nephew, or whatever he is, is coming," replied carrot-topped Red with a glare at the rest of us.

Although we wouldn't tell Bill so, this really would put a damper on our crowd's fun. This Boston fellow coming to stay at Bill's for the week would sure be some "dud". Who wouldn't be, with a name like Wilbur Theodore Poin-dexter Jones?

The days passed, school ended, and Wilbur Theodore P. D. J., as we called the coming curse, arrived. He was just as we had expected him to be, sophisticated and *so forth*. Why, he wouldn't even join in our planning. At least he didn't boast of Boston, which was a blessing.

We were hoping he wouldn't come skating with us because it would be beneath his dignity; but when we set out Monday morning, there he was with his skates, thick wool ski sweater, and a red jacket that would look more at home in Sun Valley.

The deep snow made the walking tough. I heard one of the girls remark that maybe he'd get tired and go back, but no such luck. He kept right on coming.

We skated around a bit and sort of ignored Wilbur Theodore P.D.J., who tagged along behind us. Then suddenly, without any warning, Ginny, who was skating a little ahead of us, gave a shriek and crashed below the surface. We were frozen to the spot. Her head appeared above the water and then disappeared again. Nobody moved. We just stood and stared in horror. Then we heard a swish of skates and someone whizzed by us. A firm voice shouted back directing us to get

that old rowboat half buried in snow back on shore. Somehow we dug that old tub from the snowdrift and hauled it across the lake toward the place where Wilbur Theodore P.D.J. lay stretched out on the ice as close to the dark hole as possible. With the hockey stick he was supporting her above the water. She seemed utterly exhausted.

The treacherous ice cracked threateningly at our every step. Slowly we inched the rowboat toward the gaping hole. Then with a thundering crash the ice gave out beneath us, and we all tumbled headlong into the bottom of the boat. Still an insistent voice called us to force it onward until we were at last beside the hole.

What happened after still remains vague in my memory. Somehow we balanced that rickety old tub and, with Wilbur Theodore P.D.J.'s help, pulled Ginny into the boat. How we paddled and pushed that old thing along and got it to good old terra firma again I'll never know. Wilbur Theodore P.D.J. pulled off his jacket and sweater and wrapped them around the shivering girl. Although we tried to make him take some of our sweaters he put us off half-jokingly, saying, "No, thanks. It's better to have just two of us catch our death of pneumonia than the whole crowd." And so we didn't argue, for those endless snowdrifts lay ahead to hinder our every step as we half-carried, half-dragged Ginny homeward.

Back safely in front of a roaring fire in Bill's house, we tried to thaw out our frozen limbs and also our terrible misunderstandings. What a swell fellow Ted (that's what they call him in Boston) really was. We surely had sized him up all wrong! Who would have thought that a fine fellow like him would be shy? But it's really no wonder because we did make it pretty obvious that he was an unwanted intruder!

You

POTENTIALITY is planted within each one of you. Even if you are timid you do have aspirations. Do not say, "I am just one man or woman. What can I do?" Florence Nightingale was just one woman, but look at what she did for nursing. Abraham Lincoln was just one man, but he certainly made a name for himself.

What is your level of aspiration? Do you want to be a leader as was Abe Lincoln, or are you satisfied to be a follower? What you do with the rest of your life is entirely up to you.

Your make-up is a combination of mental and physical abilities, interests, attitudes and aptitudes, but what you do with them is again up to you.

You have an individual personality and no amount of planning will ever make you like someone else. Strange as it may seem, with the millions of people living on the face of the earth, no two people are exactly alike.

Pupils, for some reason, seem to place the most emphasis upon their mental ability. What they do not realize is that they would have no mental ability if they were without physical ability.

First let's take a look at our mental ability, which can be broken down into many divisions. Can you express yourself? How is your reasoning? Do you have a good memory? How quickly do you comprehend? Can you enlarge upon an idea and converse upon it intelligently? Do you have mental drive? Chances are you have not noticed any of these unless you have physical ability. By physical ability we mean strength, good eyesight, speech, endurance, physical drive, good hearing, attractiveness and vitality. An example of the relationship between mental and physical ability may be shown by the college freshman who has the mental capacities, such as intelligence, to do a thing, but does not possess the physical drive as perseverance. This person will naturally find college quite difficult.

An individual develops interests according to his surroundings, home, previous schools, church, clubs, and friends. Sometimes a teacher may arouse a pupil's interest in the subject he teaches. Sometimes a pupil's desire to surpass others or to reach certain goals will influence his choice of interests.

Usually interests develop along with skills, for a person becomes most interested in the things he can do well. In choosing your career be sure to take into account your own pattern of interests as well as your mental and physical abilities.

Yes, your attitudes, interests, aptitudes, physical and mental abilities all tie in together. In school as in life success or failure depends upon you.

"SUNSET"

By Sandra N. Rabiner, '54

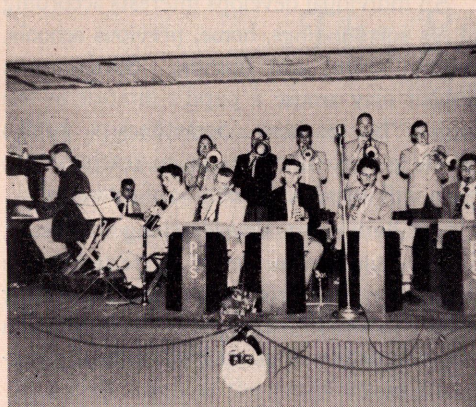
When the ancient ball of fire sinks
Far, far, below
In a glorious blaze or a gossamer cloud,
And streamers of gold ribbon out
From its brow
In a pattern too awesome to paint by light;
Gilded in bronze, reflected in flame . . .
A powerful thing
To behold when a child looks upward and out
And seeks by a wondering frown
The reason why.

MY HEART STOOD STILL

By Joanna Elaine Camerlengo, '55

Though sealed was the envelope
No secret did it hide,
For long before I opened it
I knew what was inside.

It was a fancy paper heart
Of brilliant crimson hue,
With lacy frills—and best of all
The message: "I Love You!"



DANCE BAND

Myron Schwager, piano
Jimmy Ditello, drum

1st Row—David Cullen, Gerald Thebodo, Charles Mackie, Narch Arace, Jo Spadafora.

2nd Row—Paul Prendergast, Tom Morrier, Daniel Petruzella, Bob Lester, Farrell De Noyers.

THE DANCE BAND

By Sonia Kronick, '55

In room 108 any day of the year
Are gathered the fellows who hold music dear.
They're faithful and loyal to Stan Kenton's name;
These are our boys of our Dance Band of fame.

The notes of the trumpets resound clear and true
With Danny and Farrell and Bob Lester too.
Just listen and you will hear saxophones go,
Thanks to Charlie and Jerry and Narch and Joe.
The trombones will effect no deep thoughts of remorse
With Danny and Tommy and Fifi, of course.

Dave Cullen on guitar and Jim on the drum
Really can make the crowd start to hum.
And then Myron's piano and Al Giroux's base
Give the finishing touches to complete the case.

Sirs Herzig and Barstow we must not forget
Who manage the band and keep everything set.

And also "Prof." Wayne, without whose assistance
Our capable band would not be in existence.

Whether it be a slow waltz or some bop,
This band can put a song over the top.
So let's give these fellows a very big hand
And really salute the P. H. S. Dance Band.

"LOOK UP"

By Sandra Rabiner, '54

It's tough to walk the middle road
When steps lead all uphill.
It's tough to keep your footsteps front;
They'll turn against your will.
When mockers call, "Come on! Come on!"
And gaudy voices shout,
It's tough to keep your mind in line;
It's easy, friend, to doubt.

So when troubles shade the sun
And worries chain your heart;
When every dream is shattered
And friends seem far apart;
When Tomorrow's hopes are shackled
By today's confusing gird;
Friend, set your hands toward Heaven
And receive His soothing word.

PERFECTION

By Patricia Loach, '54

For what was perfection created but to be attained?
Too many men traverse today the middle of the way.
As we can not draw a median between the truth and lying,
There's no one path perfection treads along with just not trying.
What degree of humble merit we attain—
though it be low—
If our abilities be consummate, perfection we will know.

"TOOTSIE TALES"

By Toni Lincks, '56

Now listen, friends, to what I say,
If you would learn the secret way
To tell the future, true, complete,
The hidden mystery, by the feet.

A tiny pair that lightly trips
Along the halls with little skips
Betrays, as only these feet can,
She's confident she'll catch her man.

Some feet that always want to race
May soon be rocketing through space;
If running tops their heart's desires,
Their future may be chasing fires.

The thundering foot that rocks the school,
Defending thought that MEN shall rule,
Will soon the weaker sex respect—
Alas, the husband, poor, hen-pecked.

The foot that fails to change its pace
When passing by a handsome face
Heed well, oh girls; this way evade
The lonesome life of the old maid.

No matter whether big or small
The foot with firm tread tops them all—
The doctors, nurses, clergymen,
Our future loyal citizens.

To walk toe outward like a duck
Will bring to some the best of luck.
They'll travel over land and sea,
Sailors of Uncle Sam's Navy.

To you the timid feet who tread
In silent terror, hidden dread,
In future days the folks will say
There's Mr. Milquetoast U.S.A.

Beware the foot that walks on clouds
And dreams and talks to self out loud;
The lowest form of life this be
The wacky poet, namely, ME.

MUSINGS AT SEA

By Patricia Loach, '54

The salt-filled air is rushing past;
I love to feel its tangy blast.
Around the ropes and masts it sweeps,
Laden with scents from the world of the deep,
Fresh, healthful scents, more lovely than those
Of the finest extracts of lily or rose.

As a bounding stag on the rolling turf,
The ship glides over the leaping surf;
Below are the secrets of the wave
Buried in salty, mystic caves—
Ne'er to be seen by the eyes of men.
For God's own treasures are kept within.

Sealed from the eyes of prying men,
The life of those cities carries on.
There's looting and killing, but circling peace
In the quiet depths this will never cease.
"I wish there were peace in the world to-day,"

I thought as the sea went rushing away.

* * *

When the moon brings my porthole into stark relief,
When the waves are turned to silver, which is safe from any thief;
When the breakers cease their movement, and quiet come to rest;
The ocean, under God's great hand, is ever at its best.

* * *

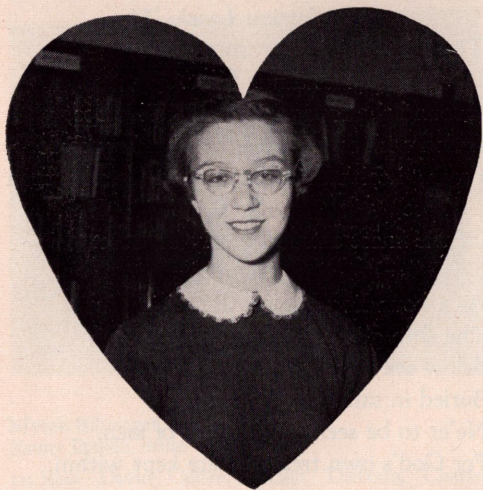
Lo, when the wild, rough storms take o'er,
The sea shows triumph, even more.
The white-faced waves, swollen with pride,
Dashing o'er the oceans wide,
Their heads uplifted into spray,
Dare all to try to check their way.

Until the sun, victorious, pries
Its path through inky, blackened skies;
Sends calm, as to its heav'nly dome
It climbs, and stills rebellious foam!
Stills, quiets, making peace anew,
Where once the stinging salt-spray flew.

WHO'S WHO

February, 1954

15



JOSEPHA "DODIE" GERMANOWSKI

Senior . . . Decoration Committee of the Junior Prom . . . Feature editor of THE STUDENT'S PEN . . . Member of Alpha Tri-Hi-Y . . . Statistics chairman of the year book . . . Favorites: Steak, Gershwin and Modern Dance. Pet peeve—Being called Joseph A. . . Ambition—to be a fashion designer.

BILL SMITH

Senior . . . Vice president of the Senior Class . . . Captain of the ski team . . . Home-room representative for two years . . . Last year's chairman of the Good Will Committee . . . Member of the Junior Class Council . . . Plays football . . . President of "The Reliable Products Co.", part of the Junior Achievement program . . . Likes music, math, sports (especially skiing), steak, and spaghetti . . . Plans to attend college, preferably Dartmouth after graduation.

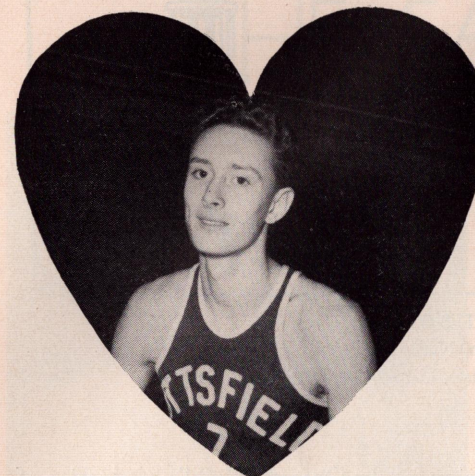
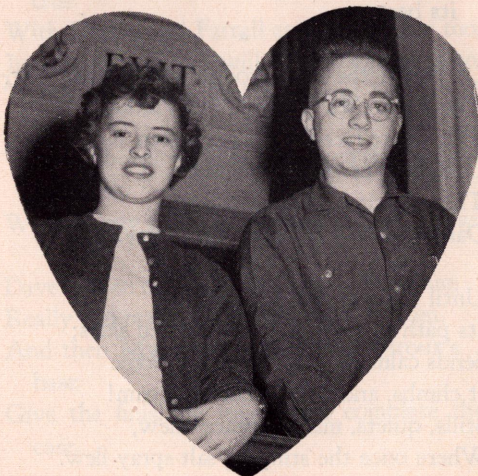


PAUL PRENDERGAST

Senior . . . Co-chairman of Senior Class play . . . Member of P.H.S. band, orchestra and dance band . . . Business manager of the year book . . . Co-chairman of Senior election committee . . . Homeroom treasurer . . . Favorites: steak, playing the trombone, and Stan Kenton

NANCY LIZOTTE

Senior . . . Co-chairman of Senior Class play . . . Activities editor of the year book . . . Chaplain of Sigma Tri-Hi-Y . . . Member of Senior Class Council . . . On the art staff of STUDENT'S PEN . . . Favorites: modern art, swimming and the dance band

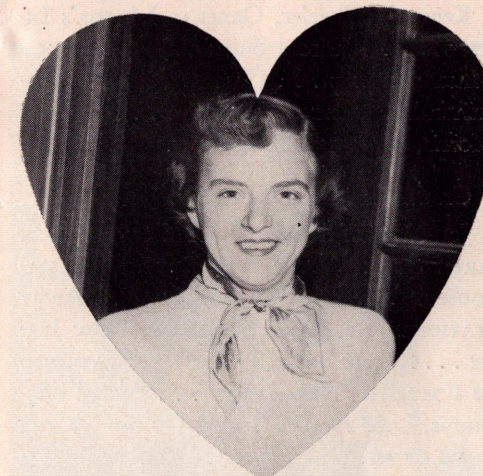


DON KESSLER

Senior . . . Co-captain of basketball team . . . Plays trombone in P.H.S. band . . . Member of "Little Symphony" . . . Favorite subjects—math and chemistry . . . Hobbies—music and sports. Likes a thick juicy steak and the Brooklyn Dodgers . . . Pet peeve—people who talk while eating . . . Future plans include college.

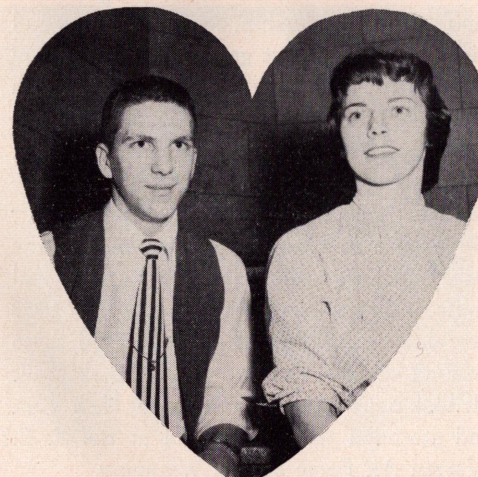
BARBARA RICE

Senior . . . Vice President of Senior Class . . . Humor editor of STUDENT'S PEN . . . Member of Gamma Tri-Hi-Y . . . Favorites are field hockey, basketball, steak and French fries . . . Pet peeve—people who don't smile . . . Intends first to grow up—then to go into secretarial work.



CRAIG VIALE

Senior . . . Co-chairman of Class Day . . . Co-captain of the basketball team . . . Last year's chairman of decorations for the Junior Prom . . . Played quarterback on the football team . . . Pet peeve—"wrecks" . . . Likes red leather upholstered Buick convertibles, food, and Ray Anthony.



MARLENE STEVENS

Senior . . . Co-chairman of Class Day . . . Member of Ring committee . . . Senior Class Council . . . Future plans: College to prepare for teaching . . . Favorites: steak, French fries, and dancing.



ALUMNI NOTES STAFF

Editors: Corinne Camparato, Nancy McBride
Robert Dallmeyer, Paula Waxstein, Olga Aulisio, Carolyn Sammet, Peter Genovese

Graduates attending college:

Kenneth Wheeler, GENERAL MOTOR'S INSTITUTE . . . Harold Suitier, UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS . . . Charles Alberti, RENSSELAER POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE . . . Dempsey Morris, NORWICH UNIVERSITY.

Graduates in the Service:

Jerald Heidel and Cyril Gorman, U.S. ARMY STATIONED AT FORT DEVENS, MASSACHUSETTS . . . Anthony Goggins, U.S. ARMY STATIONED AT CAMP BELVEDERE, NEW JERSEY . . . Robert Burns, U.S. ARMY STATIONED AT FORT DIX, NEW JERSEY . . . Alfred McGinnis, U.S. ARMY, HONOR GUARD AT THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER.

Verne Goodwin, Pittsfield's skiing Olympian, on leave from the 11th Airborne Division at Camp Campbell, Kentucky, was one of five outstanding athletes picked to represent the United States in the men's 1954 FIS World Alpine championships at Are, Sweden. This is a great accomplishment for our 1948 graduate, as he has been out of organized skiing for some time. Good luck, Verne. We are all rooting for you.

Robert Boland, a 1948 graduate of Pittsfield High and a 1952 graduate of the University of Massachusetts, is now an assistant professor at the latter school. He also taught in the drama department of Smith College. At present he is the scenic designer and choreog-

rapher for the Operetta Guild's production of "Carousel" at the University of Massachusetts.

Former Sergeant Philip H. Delano, Jr., has been awarded the Bronze Star for meritorious duty in Korea. Philip, a 1948 graduate of Pittsfield High, won the medal while serving as an assistant gunner and later as squad leader in Company C of the 180th Regiment. His citation read in part . . . "Sergeant Delano performed his duties in an exemplary manner. Due to his superior knowledge of mortar tactics, devotion to duty, and great personal regard for his men, he developed a highly efficient squad. His enthusiastic spirit and bravery aided tremendously in maintaining a high morale and unit's effectiveness. Sergeant Delano's superb leadership, constant efforts, and high standards reflect great credit upon himself and the Army." We of Pittsfield High are very proud of this former student.

Richard (Lefty) Rivard, airman third class, USAF, has been awarded "Airman of the Month" honors at the Wright-Patterson Air Force base in Ohio. Qualification for the award include leadership in work, personal traits, and squadron activities record. A 1952 graduate of Pittsfield High, he played three years of baseball and two years of basketball. He took basic training at Sampson, New York and attended technical school at the F. E. Warren Air Force base in Wyoming.

THE FACULTY



MR. WILLIAM A. HAYES

Teaches bookkeeping . . . Business Adviser to THE STUDENT'S PEN . . . Born in Pittsfield . . . Graduated from Searles High School and St. Anselm's College . . . Received A.B. from Holy Cross and an M.A. from New York State Teacher's College . . . Was in army from 1943-1945 . . . Married, has seven children . . . Enjoys reading, particularly historical or philosophical books.

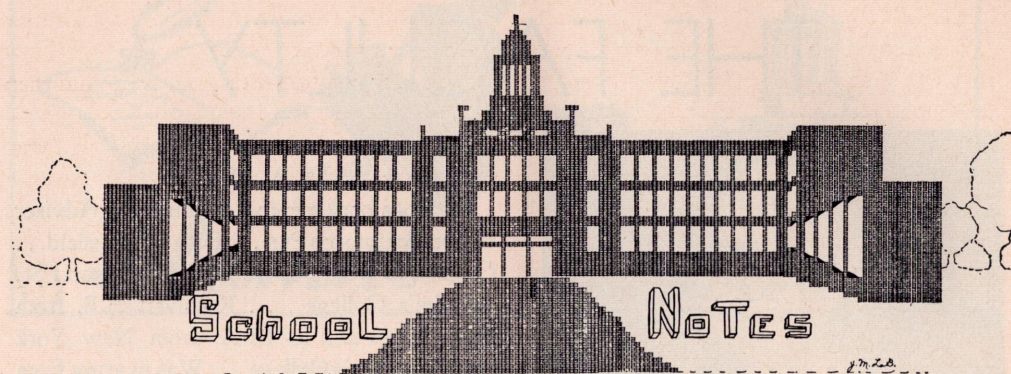
MISS MARGARET D. DAVISON

Born in Dalton, Massachusetts . . . Graduated from Dalton High School and Cornell University with an A.B., attended Graduate School, Syracuse University . . . Has taught only at P.H.S. . . Enjoys reading and photography.



MR. REGINALD B. THOMPSON

Born in Brighton, Massachusetts . . . Graduated from Watertown High School and Wentworth Institute . . . Was in U.S. Navy for World War I from 1917-1918 . . . During World War II organized and supervised War Production Training Courses . . . Now teaches Apprentice Carpenters at Evening School and Behind the Wheel Driver Training . . . Married, has three children . . . Enjoys golf and movies, interested in Camp Merrill . . . Comments: "I've always found it a pleasure to teach boys and girls at P.H.S."



SCHOOL NOTES STAFF

Editor—Katy MacCarthy

Mary Bolotin, Martha Weston, Corrine Comparato, Carol Prentiss, Nancy McBride, Sondra Sable, Kathleen McMahon, Carolyn Lucas, Eleanor Farrell, Sonia Kronick, Lucy Jordan, Beverly Cowell, Madeline Tini, Tina Sinopoli, Margo Gall, Dorothy Clark, Susan Connors, Marcia Lipsey, Keye Hollister, Leslie Nussbaum, Carol Rattman, Pat Whalen, Marilyn Marks, Mary Ann Carity, Marilyn Chapman, Bonnie Clark, Barbara McCarthy, Martha Cox.

VOCATIONAL NEWS

Mr. Harvey and Stanley Plona worked together to draw up plans to use angle iron for box frames for the new glass backboards at the Pittsfield State Armory. The boys from both the machine and welding departments worked hard to get the new backboards up in time for the Pittsfield-Drury game.

Robert Paven and Eugene Sadlowski, along with Mr. McConnell and Mr. Dehey, published "Your Public Schools," the newspaper which went throughout all the public schools in Pittsfield.

The Sheet Metal and Welding Departments are building two new storage sheds to store the city snow plows, lawn mowers, etc. The Welding Department just completed refinishing all the welding table tops and repainted all the booths. A group of twenty-eight boys from the Welding and Sheet Metal Departments went to a welding clinic, conducted at the Springfield Trade School.

Supply cabinets are being constructed for the Park Department, along with kindergarten tables for Mercer School by the Cabinet-making Department.

THE CHESS CLUB

Once a week after school, fifteen members set up their boards and men to enjoy a continuous tournament. When we went to press, Dick La Pointe was ahead with 6 games won and none lost; Clayt Williams is next with a score of 5-1. All the "Kings" and "Queens" are working hard to win the championship.

The officers of the club are as follows: Clayt Williams, president; Bill Polasky, vice president; and Tom Saboski, secretary.

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

Work on the year book has been rolling along at a fast clip as the hard working committee meets every Tuesday under the able guidance of Miss Pfeiffer. The staff includes: Editor-in-chief, Kathleen McMahon; Who's Who, Katy MacCarthy and Thomas Morrier; Boys' Sports, Stanley Plona; Girls' Sports, Katharine Maguire; Statistics, Josepha Germanowski; Photography, James Demetry and Alfred Campagna; Class History, Sondra Sable; Advertising, Paul Prendergast; Activities, Nancy Lizotte; Around the Scenes, Myron Schwager; Art, William Barstow; Tributes, Patricia Loach.

TECHNICAL NEWS

Mo Lubin, sophomore reporter, informs us that Mr. Camelli, a well known astronomer in Berkshire County, spoke to the class on the general aspects of the science. He showed slides and did some intricate explaining on the telescopes and reflectors used in astronomy.

From Dick Riseberg, junior reporter, we learn that Mr. E. J. Mills was recently heard by the junior class on the subject of material handling. His main topic was centered around the fact that 40% of the retail value of a product is the cost of transportation. To supplement his talk, he showed slides on overcoming the tremendous cost of handling.

The senior class has heard several lectures in the past two months. The initial speaker, Mr. Paul Whitbeck, advocated the cooperative courses offered by different colleges, insuring the student of a job with which to meet his college expenses. Being affiliated with the G. E., he described three diverse training courses sponsored by the G. E. A second lecture, presented by Mr. Theodore Stanfield, was concerned with the new developments in the safety of wiring. One specific example is the addition of a third prong (ground) in a plug, thus removing most of the probable danger. The most recent speaker, Mr. Robert Hart, School Committee member and City Councilman, urged the seniors to serve the community as engineers. While conceding that the pay rate was low, he asserted that the satisfaction of aiding the city would offset the monetary handicap.

ASSEMBLIES

In January two assemblies, which had a more serious side than some of the assemblies at P.H.S., were presented to the student body. On January 8 we had a talk by Sgt. McBride of the Air Force about the Ground Observers Corps, which was followed by a movie that showed what would happen if New York City was bombed. It emphasized the need of more volunteers for this work so important to our country's safety.

After the movie Mr. Strout read a letter from the principal of Berlin High in New Hampshire complimenting our team, and then Coach Fox told us about the wonderful hospitality he and the team received while there. We learned about the Bobby Power's Memorial Award, which we all hope our school wins. The assembly came to an end after the cheerleaders taught us two new cheers—"All Score Song" and "What Do You Say, Fellas?"

The second January assembly was on the twelfth. An inspector of the Boston Office of the Registry of Motor Vehicles gave a talk about safety. He said if both driver and pedestrian followed three simple rules—Courtesy, Consideration and Good Judgment—better driving would follow. We learned something about the new merit system and also that drivers between the ages of sixteen and twenty are safer drivers than those between twenty-one and twenty-five. Then there was a movie called "Traffic with the Devil", which emphasized even more the points on which the Inspector talked.

THE BAND AND ORCHESTRA

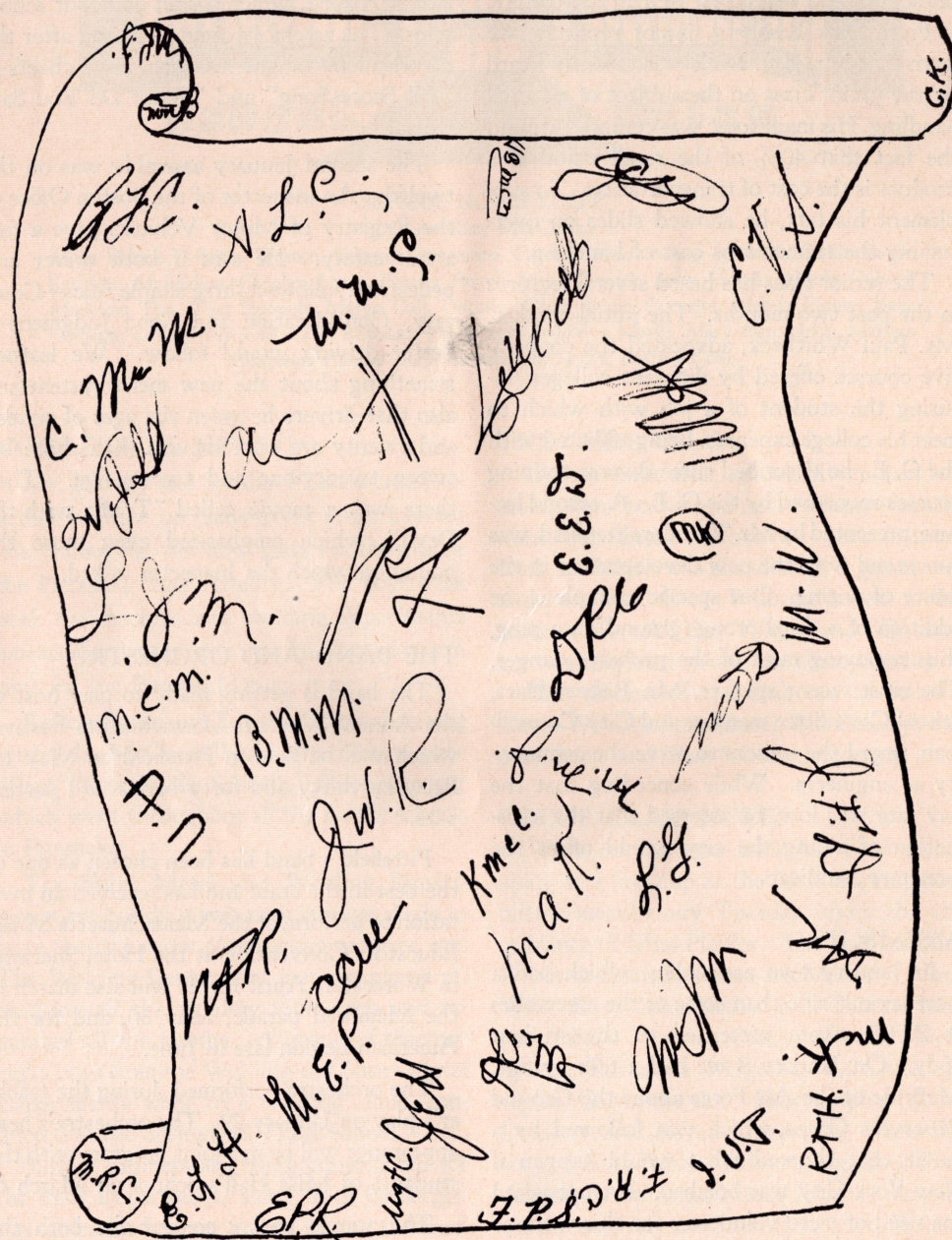
The band is getting ready to play host to the Annual Western Massachusetts Festival which will be held in Pittsfield on May 15. Between thirty and forty bands will participate.

Pittsfield's band has been chosen as one of the best in the state and has received an invitation to perform at the Massachusetts Music Educators Convention at the Hotel Sheraton in Worcester, April 10. It will also march in the Memorial parade, May 30, and for the American Legion late in June.

The orchestra performed during the teacher's play on January 29. The orchestra's next appearance will be in a joint program with the students of Miss Hall's School on March 6.

The annual spring concert for both the band and orchestra will be held June 4.

Unearthed hieroglyphics? No, just the signatures of some of our teachers. Perhaps you have encountered these already. See if you know whose signature belongs to whom.



JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Herbert Evans, Mary Frieri, John Navin, Stephanie Woitkowski, John Rocca

TRI-HI-Y NOTES

Alpha had a swimming party January 10. A speaker entertained the club with the various fashions of the day.

Beta had its dance, the "Frosty Frolic," in December and plans to have a number of speakers in February.

Delta's skating party was held January 12. Russel Ball of the Y.M.C.A. staff gave the club a talk on social work.

Gamma is busy making plans for the March dance, which is to be a "Sadie Hawkins." A skating party was held January 19 following a short business meeting.

Sigma had the January dance, "The Snowflake Flutter."

Zeta is selling cellophane bags for an increase in treasury and plans to have the February dance, "The Cupid's Caper."

HI-Y

Hi-Y is planning to have debates with several of the Tri-H-Y's.

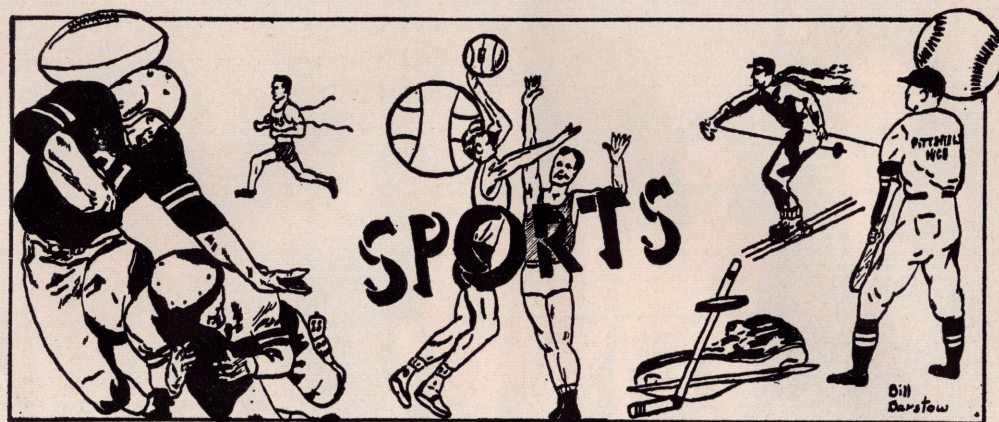
JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

The Junior Class Ring Committee was selected for this year. The members are as follows:

Chairmen: Joan Genzabella and Sara Varanka; Richard Decelles, Carole Downes, Jeannine Eberwein, Alan Harris, Martha Lepp, Thomas Ryan, Margaret Terpak, Anne Thacker, Michael Tully, and Carl Valone.

The Junior Class Good Will Committee was also selected. Chairman, Kathleen Munn.

One person from each home room collects Junior Class dues. Fifty cents will be collected from each student every month, beginning last December.



PITTSFIELD WINS OPENER WITH DALTON

By Tom Morrier, '54

After winding up a successful exhibition season with a 9-2 record, the P.H.S. basketball squad marked the beginning of its North Berkshire season by defeating Dalton 46-38. Fans at Dalton High School gymnasium, January 4, saw the Purple and White quintet out-speed Coach Stevenson's boys to post a decisive victory.

Pittsfield couldn't seem to get rolling in the early minutes of play, and Dalton stepped into the lead. At one time the Papertown Lads had a lead of six points as the score stood 8-2. However, as the game progressed the Foxmen got into gear. Except for the last quarter surge by Dalton to tie the score, Pittsfield retained the lead throughout the game.

High scorer for the night was Jack Navin, who rolled up 18 points. This scoring feat was highlighted by a three-quarter-court set shot, which swished the basket as the final buzzer sounded.

P.H.S. ROMPS OVER ST. JOE, N. A.

By Paul Prendergast

In its first game of the 1954 basketball season, on January 8, at the State Armory, P.H.S. swamped a better than average St. Joe team by the score of 65 to 49.

Leading the Purple and White offense was Dick Chapman, who scored 16 points. Close behind him with 10 points each were Dick La Rouche and John Genzabella. Don Kessler, besides playing sharp defensive ball, also scored nine points. Don also had the shot of the night—a right-handed hook from under the basket. It brought the crowd to its feet in roaring applause. This victory puts P.H.S. in a first place tie with Drury.

P.H.S. EDGED BY DRURY 38-37

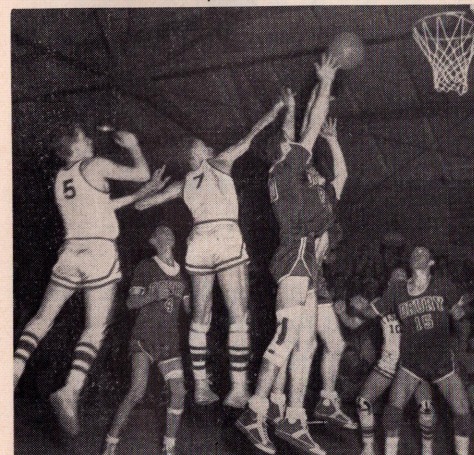
By Tom Morrier

On Wednesday night, January 13, Drury High of North Adams squeezed past Pittsfield by a slim one point margin 38-37. This was the first game when the Armory's brand new glass backboards were used.

The P.H.S. hoopsters met the acid test in clashing with the speedy, hardworking Drury squad, led by star center Jerry Schmidt. The fact that Schmidt scored only one floor goal was, in itself, a tribute to the brilliant defensive play of Don Kessler, Pittsfield's center and tallest man. Co-captain Kessler had a good night all around for, in addition to his defensive performance, the lanky senior hooped up twelve points to lead the team in scoring. Sharing scoring honors for the Purple and White was Dick Chapman, who collected ten points. Two of his tallies were scored in

succession, in the last quarter, to even the score at 37 apiece.

With about one minute left, Norm, a Drury forward, swished a foul shot to put the North Adams team ahead. In the closing seconds Pittsfield couldn't seem to drop one through. When the final buzzer sounded the score stood at 38-37.



Chapman (5) Kessler (7) and LaRouche (10) rebounding in the Drury game.

P.H.S. DROPS CITY OPENER

By Paul Prendergast

Pat Robinson was Pittsfield's main headache in the first game of the City Championship at the State Armory on January 15. Although we lost by a score of 49 to 43, the team put up a brilliant battle as anyone in the packed Armory will tell you.

Don Kessler, playing his usual excellent game, scored 15 points on those difficult corner set shots. John Genzabella gave St. Joe plenty of trouble by his accurate passes and his four floor goals which sparked a third period rally that enabled P.H.S. to overcome a ten point deficit during the exciting third period. Also adding to the fight were Jack Navin and Bob Quadrozzi, both with six points.

PITTSFIELD ROLLS OVER ADAMS 61-52

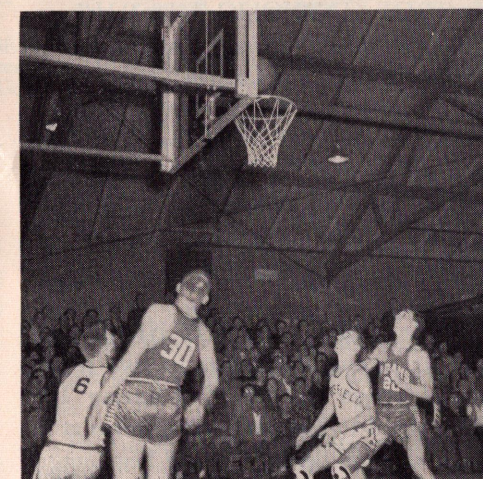
By Tom Morrier

Pittsfield High retained its place among the top contenders in the Northern Berkshire

League by defeating Adams 61-52 on January 20 in the State Armory.

Adams set a fast pace with their close man for man defense. Sparked by Kessler and Navin, P.H.S. quickly solved it, however, and went on to lead at the half 43-36. This lead was not challenged at any time in the remainder of the game.

High scorer for the night was Kessler with 18 points. Sharing second place honors were Navin for Pittsfield and Horn for Adams. Each racked up twelve points.



Navin (6) and Genzabella (3) wait for rebound as Chapman (5) follows up his own shot against Adams.

P.H.S. TAKES SECOND PLACE

By Paul Prendergast

P.H.S. took second place in the Northern Berkshire League by defeating Williamstown 62 to 59 at the State Armory on January 22.

Starting at a fast pace P.H.S. led all the way, at one point by as much as twenty points. The college town team staged a great comeback in the last half. Dick Chapman showed excellent shooting ability by hooping up 28 points to tie the season's record set by Jerry Schmidt of Drury. Dick La Rouche, who had gone scoreless in three games, scored six points in the last four minutes to break his jinx. Craig Viale's play was excellent off the boards; he also helped with four assists.

HOCKEY

DARROW BEATS P.H.S.

With lack of experience as Pittsfield's biggest problem this year, the P.H.S. puckmen played their first game behind the high school on January 14 against Darrow. Darrow won the contest 3-2 in overtime. Scoring for Pittsfield were Kenneth Cassidy and Donald Terpak. Donald Chiorgno, Pittsfield's goalie, played a great defensive game as he was credited with 36 saves.

TROY CATHOLIC TIES P.H.S.

Pittsfield High, making its second start of the season, saw Troy Catholic dwindle a 3-0 lead to a 4-4 tie. The game was played in Troy at the R.P.I. Field House. Al Duclos made all the goals for Troy Catholic. Pittsfield's scores were made by Terpak, Cassidy, and Ronald Bean in the first period, and Red Chader in the second period.

P.H.S. LOSES TO TROY HIGH, 5-1

In its second appearance in two nights, Pittsfield High lost to a fast-skating Troy High team, 5-1. The game was scoreless at the end of the first period, but the beginning of the second period saw Troy High jump to a 2-0 lead. Midway in the third period, Donald Terpak scored for Pittsfield to avert a shutout. Ronald Bean and Ronald Chiorgno starred for Pittsfield in defensive play.

P.H.S. DOWNS ALBANY ACADEMY

By D. Terpak

In spite of the fact that every player neglected to bring along his helmet and gloves for the Albany Academy game in the R.P.I. field house, Coach Pruyne's puckmen defeated the Academy. Pittsfield jumped to an early lead in the first period when Red Chader and Ken Cassidy scored unassisted goals.

In the second period the only scoring was made by Ron Bean of Pittsfield.

In the last period, with a new team, Albany scored two goals in spite of the excellent ice work of Larry Herzig.

RIFLE TEAM

By Walter Whitman

The P.H.S. Jr. Rifle Team had its second match in the latter part of January. In the team of Hudson, New York, it discovered a worthy opponent, as the scores indicate.

P.H.S.		HUDSON	
W. Whitman	183	D. Powell	187
A. Peck	178	R. Holt	175
J. Munro	157	J. Barthomew	174
D. Baumgras	154	M. Bitrosky	171
E. Baumgras	145	R. Kosnick	170
	817		877

The course of fire for this match was 10 shots prone and 10 standing.

In order that the team may have a chance to avenge its defeat, a return match has been scheduled at Hudson. In addition, the team has booked matches with Springfield Trade High School and Torrington, Connecticut; also it plans to enter the New Haven meet in March.

DANGER OF MOB RULE

Continued from Page 3

have allowed themselves to be led on a fool-hardy course.

Should we forsake our fundamental American beliefs by allowing such violence to take place while we sit passively by? Should we allow ourselves to be lowered to a barbarian status at the hands of irresponsible mobs? Rather we must defeat such public outrages by the habitual use of discretion. Each must be on his guard against possible delusion. By the continued exercise of good judgment, we must not only exclude ourselves from mass hysteria, but also attempt to influence the opinions of others to this line of thinking. It is the American tradition to defend our rights from ruthless intrusion.



GIRLS' SPORTS STAFF

Editors—Lois Bates, Ann MacDonald
Susan Strong, Elizabeth Gomes, Barbara Van Bramer

BASKETBALL

There are many sports going on during the winter season, but one of the most popular must be basketball. This is proved by the many girls who go out for this sport.

As stated in an earlier issue, "No basketball is safe from the tortures of being tossed through hoops and pounded mercilessly against the backboards. The gym is really jumping."

The Round Robin Tourney began January 25, and will continue until March 1st with twelve teams coached and captained by Seniors. All teams played nine games during the season. Each team has ten members, ranging from beginners to advanced, from all these classes.

Senior captains were Butch Turner, Mort Gerlach, Roolie Root, Joan Duda, Helen Noon, Kris Bonnavier, Mary Ann Morrison, Barb Dellert, Bev Wasuk, Lois Mann, Barb Calebough, Kathy Maguire

NEWS ABOUT GRADS

P.H.S. has several alumnae majoring in Physical Education. They are Tessi Malumphy, Barb Erickson, Carolyn Wagner, Libera Principe, Eleanor Persip, and Jeanette Kahn.

VOLLEY BALL

During the first part of January the Varsity volley ball tourney was held. The Seniors were again victorious, but the Juniors won both the Jay-Vee and Vee-Bee tournaments, which were held before the Christmas vacation.

The scores of the Varsity games are as follows:

Sophs	28	Juniors	38
Seniors	23	Juniors	21
Seniors	44	Sophs	15
Sophs	17	Juniors	36
Seniors	33	Sophs	11
Juniors	14	Seniors	32

SENIOR TEAMS

Senior Varsity Team

Co-captains: Mort Gerlach, Bev Wasuk: Pinky May, Pudgy Duda, Noonie Noon, Butch Turner, Rootie Root, Whizz Marby, Barb Calebough.

Jay-Vee

Shirley Norton, Winnie White, Carole Snow, Carolyn Sykes, Bunny Morrison, Kathy Maguire, Lois "Pro" Bates, Ann MacDonald.



SWIMMING

"Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow." It won't bother the swimming classes at the Boys' Club pool on Tuesdays. Mrs. Morton Wayne is instructor and has groups from beginners to advanced.

Some of the fishes are—Julie Heye, Joan Duda, Shirley Norton, Majorie Tully, Ann MacDonald, Marlene Burns, Leonora Salt-erelli, Gay Skogsburg, Doris Henderson, Carol Snow, Carolyn Sammet, Carole Kidney, Lois Mann, Janet Cheyne, Bea Evans, Mary Ann Morrison, Pat Whalen, Betsy McCormick, Connie Giftos, Toni Lincks, Nancy Shae, Judy Clarke, Mary Ditore, Phyllis Lombardi, Betty Peer, Keye Hollister, and Sally Cushing.

BASKETBALL OFFICIATING

A new class for juniors and seniors in basketball officiating started this year with eighteen girls taking part. They attended the basketball clinic at Lenox high, where new rules were interpreted and demonstrated. Those chosen will assist in officiating at the Round Robin tournament.

Prospects are Joan Duda, Helen Noon, Carolyn Turner, Bunny Morrison, Sandra Zorbo, Pat Frank, Beverly Furey, Janet Minkley, Joanne Wells, Mort Gerlach, Sara Varanka, Eva Todd, Pat Frank, Marsh Lepp, Steph Wojtkowski, and Isabelle Noon.

STRIKE!

As the new year rolls in again, so also do the balls at the Pastime Bowling Alleys. Pin-boys run for their lives when they see who stand at the other end of the alleys. Pittsfield High School girls! The girls like bowling so much that they use the alleys on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday afternoons during the winter. For 40c each girl bowls two strings a week. There are forty-four teams with six girls on a team, making a grand total of 264 bowlers. Monday and Wednesday teams number fourteen each, and Thursday and Friday have eight teams apiece. As usual the teams are very picturesquely named, perhaps indicating the characters of the teams' members. Some of the titles are the Six Hicks, Pin-Up Girls, First Timers, J.V. Dragnets, Jolly Dollies, Birdlets, Slick Chicks, Doazie Oats, Bowling Beauties, Shmoos, Bowlerettes, Teddy Bears, Cool Six, Alley Cats, Pin Downers, Wise Guys, Bowling Belles, Kool Kittens, Crazy Six, Busy Bees, Slick Six, and ??????

Not only do the girls have fun, but there are rewards for having this fun. At winter's end, the girl with the highest season average gets a trophy. The four high teams roll off, with a trophy going to each member of the winning team, and girls on the remaining teams receive medals.

The bowling awards are presented at the end of the year at the athletic awards assembly.

BOWLING

Those poor pin boys at Pastime Alleys! Just heard how many were participating in this sport.

Monday	84
Wednesday	84
Thursday	48
Friday	48

JUNIOR TEAMS

Junior Varsity

Co-captains: Emily Golin, Ann Dos Reis; Isabelle Moon, Jan Minkley, Mess Messer, Steph Wojtkowski, Bev Furey, Sandy Zorbo, Clem Clement, Joey Wells, Judy Eldridge.

Jay-Vee

Lil Calnan, Eva Todd, Pat Frank, Julie Heye, Judy Needham, Lorraine Morse, Sara Varanka, Lucy Jordan, Helen Sullivan, Martha Lepp.

Vee-See

Bea Evans, Judy Herberg, Marlene Langenback, Mary Winterkorn, Barb Kernahan, Kathy Goerlach.

SOPH TEAMS

Varsity Team

Marilyn Chapman, Audrey Sellnick, Pat River, Pat Stanley, Martha Cox, Judy Cowell, Polly Lise, Toni Lincks, Barb Hitchcock, Rita Ruscetta.

Jay-Vee

Claudia Stutz, Kit Gillespie, Sally Cushings, Jane Brennan, Phyllis Foley, Judy Clark, Eileen Fox, Nancy De Celles, Judy Abrams, Carol Neilson, Marilyn Freeman.

Vee-Bee

Pat Lawrence, Peggy Engwer, Shirley McCue, Bart McCarty, Andrea Rocca, Leslie Nussbaum, Phyllis Lombardi, Mary Perry, Pauline Bailey, Fran De Fazio.

ICE SKATING

With the completion this winter of the big hockey rink in back of the school, the girls have added something new to their roster of sports. Any girl who brings her skates to school and has a certificate from home may brave the cold and possible bumps and bruises. Instead of staying inside during gym period, the girls may go out. In each gym class from eight to ten girls have been seen whizzing and spinning around the rink.



GELANDESPRUNG!

For years Pittsfield High School has had a boys' ski team which has made an excellent record for itself. This year, in hopes that the Berkshires will surprise us with a real old-fashioned winter, a girls' ski team has been organized. Mrs. Alice Petrie, a recent Middlebury College graduate and an outstanding racer on the college ski team, is the coach. On Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, right after school, the girls, numbering from eight to fourteen, go out to Bousquet's for practice sessions. All types of ski experience are represented, from those just becoming acquainted with the snowplow turn up through those involved in the intricacies of parallel Christies. Only three girls have previously raced competitively; those girls, and perhaps others, will work on slalom and downhill, with a stop-watch recording their progress.

Others have signed up, but the girls who have attended the practices so far are Heather Nesbit, Debby Davis, Lois Bates, Kathy McMahon, Peggy McCarthy, Toni Lincks, Sandra Garnish, Betsy McCormick, and Pat Whalen.

Although no competition with other teams is planned, girls may race individually. At any event, the team is expected to have a lot of fun, and the new sport to be a most successful project.

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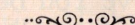


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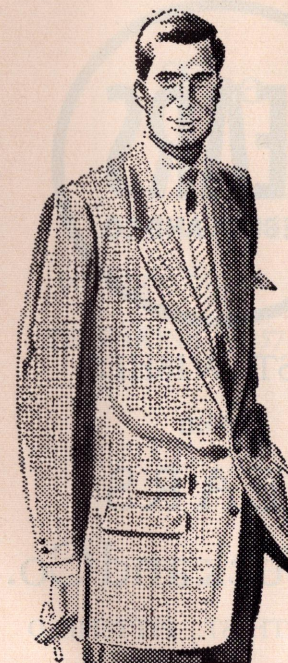
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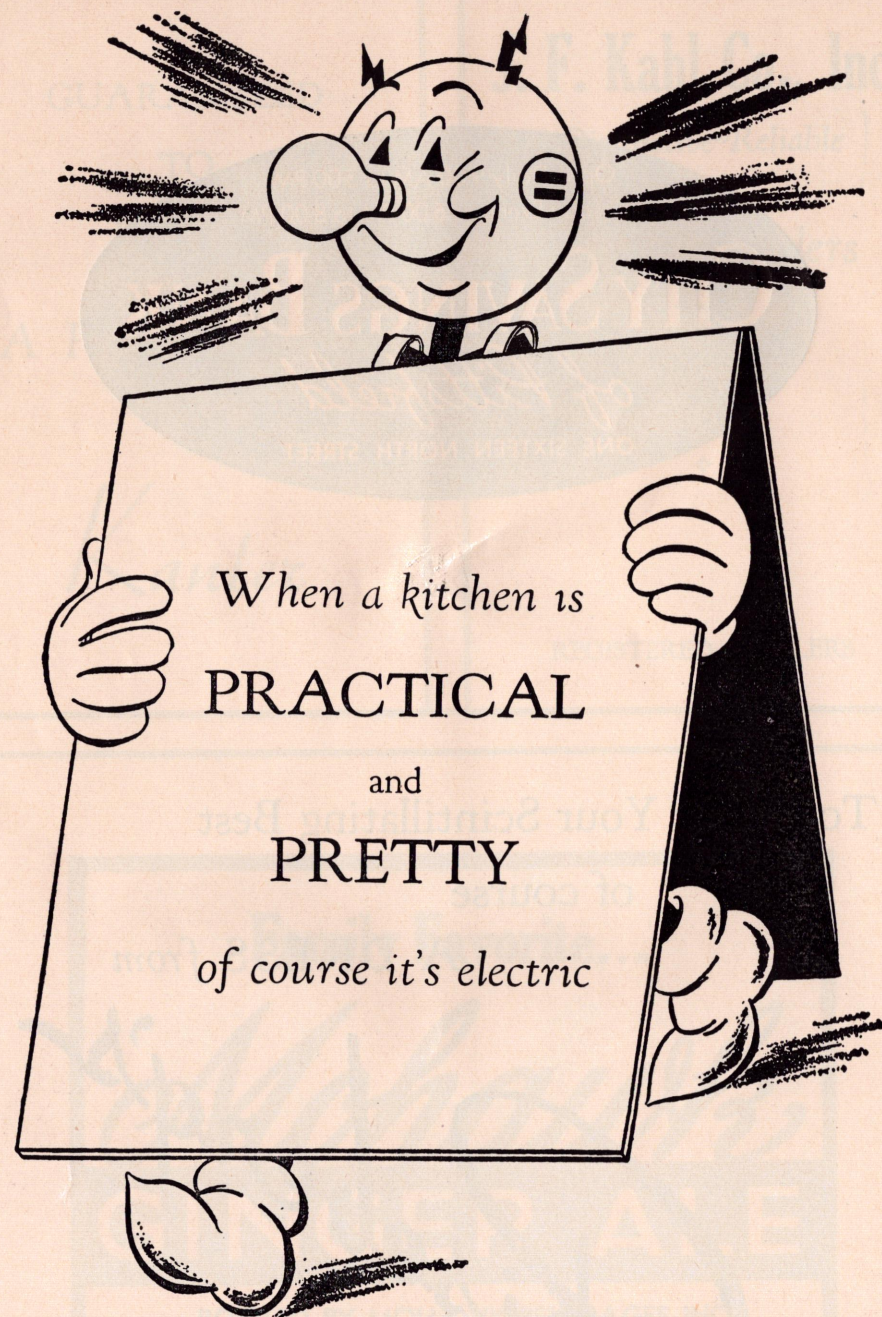
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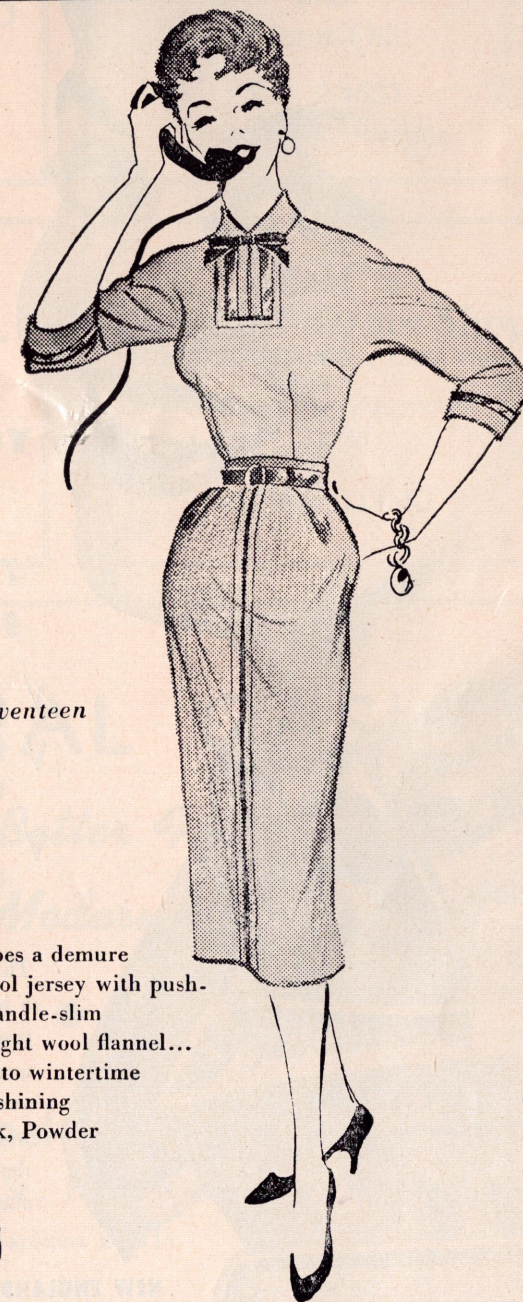
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